Reed Richards, Mr. Fantastic...Susan Richards, the Invisible Woman...Franklin Richards, Psi-Lord...Johnny Storm, the Human Torch...and Ben Grimm, the ever-lovin' Thing! They are the world's greatest super-team...

FANTASTIC FIVE 5

After being held captive by the Sub-Mariner for over a decade, Doctor Doom creates an army of nearly invincible, cosmically-powered robots that he uses to defeat the Fantastic Five and conquer the world.

Exiled into space with the F5's children: Torus, Jacob and Alyce, Franklin Richards deliberately exposes himself to cosmic rays in an effort to increase his telekinetic powers. His plan works... at a terrible cost!

Though his robots have overpowered the Fantastic Five and trapped them within the pliable body of Mr. Fantastic, Doctor Doom realizes that his greatest enemy still remains defiant.

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yes... but you won't.
Richards is RIGHT!
Your ego won't permit it.
You dare--?!
I held you captive for more than a decade and you never once--
ARRRGH!
SILENCE!
You should have better sense, Namor--
--than to incite further punishment.
I-beg-your-forgiveness-master--
--but-I-am receiving-reports-of-disturbances-in-Doomstadt.
Do not trouble me with such petty matters!
Attend to them with extreme prejudice!
I have a world to rule and far more pressing concerns to consider.

DOOMSTADT, CAPITAL OF LATVERIA...
KWA-TWOOM!
Hoo-ha! You're really rockin', Frankie-boy.
We don't have to hold back when we're fighting robots, Jake.
Maybe the rest of us should have super-charged our powers, too.
Don't talk crazy, Torus!
You may be able to transform into your Super-Storm persona, but you're just a kid.
We still don't know the full effect Franklin's exposure to cosmic rays will ultimately have on him.
Look at how he's changed now that he's using his powers more!
Maybe not, Alyce...
But we'd still be lost in space if he hadn't risked his life for us.
That makes him a real hero in my book!

Mine, too.
Y'know, my dad's thinking of leaving the F5 and forming his own team when this is over.
We could probably do the same.
Good luck with that, Torus.
I'm moving back to California with my mom.
I'd rather go mall-crawling than play hero any day.
Sounds like a plan, Alyce.
I hope it works for you.
Have you ever thought about quitting the biz?
Nope.
This is the only life I know.
It doesn't have to be that way.
For some of us, it does.
I ain't exactly built for cubicles and spreadsheets.
I suggest we table this discussion until later, team.
We still have our parents to rescue and a world to save.
You sure Doom's holding 'em in that castle?
Yeah.
I can sense their presence.

WASHINGTON, D.C....
I don't have to tell you gentlemen that the situation is grim.
One of Doom's infernal robots is hovering above the White House right now--
--and it wouldn't hesitate to incinerate us if it knew this meeting was taking place.
We fully appreciate the danger, Mr. President.
Mr. Stark, Mainframe and I have already discussed various ways to destroy Doom's cosmically-powered puppets.
I need a weapon yesterday, Vision.
I understand, sir.
We do have some good news...
The Avengers managed to defeat one of the robots.
Unfortunately, Doom has sent additional reinforcements, so the team's preparing for another onslaught.
My prayers are with them.
President Bridge, I believe I can eventually design a program that will jam all the robots and render them helpless.
Eventually may be too late, Tony.
Our entire way of life is at stake--
--and the clock is ticking.

CASTLE DOOM...
Richards must think me a fool to fall for his transparent attempts at manipulation.
He obviously believes his team will escape while he distracts me.
And yet...
Why should I be denied the exquisite pleasure of fully humbling him?
So be it!
We shall play your little game, Richards...
But the rules shall be dictated by Doom.

Remove the prisoners from the body of Reed Richards--
--and transfer them into unbreakable ethereal force bubbles.
As you command, master.
Any sign of resistance should be met with lethal force.
You two will accompany me.
The others will handle the transfer.
Doctor Richards, I have a pleasant surprise for you.
We are about to engage in our final battle.
At long last we shall finally determine who has the greater intellect.
The stronger will.
Although the outcome is hardly in doubt...

Reed's body is snaking in that direction.
Doom obviously has plans for him... and I doubt they're *pleasant*.
While you rescue ***Mr. Fantastic***, I'm heading for the castle's sub-basements.
Why, Kristoff? What do you expect to find there?
Doctor Doom would never give ***absolute power*** to anyone or anything--*not even his own loyal robots*--without a ***fail-safe device***.
And you think you can trigger it?
That's the plan.
Reed had faith in our ability to escape. We owe him the same consideration.
He'd want us to secure the world by taking out the robots.
Are you ***sure***, Johnny?
I know Reed, Lyja.
You guys are gonna hafta go without me.
I can barely stand without my protective bio-armor.
We're not leaving you behind, Ben.
That's right.
Especially since I'm a ***Skrull***--
--and can assume any physical shape or form I desire!

Pull yourself together, Richards!
I am anxious to bring our long rivalry to its preordained conclusion.
Since the day we first met, you have been the only true threat to my power.
Behold my, Infinity Device!
I believe you can deduce its function.
I assume it determines who possesses the greater brain power.
Indeed...
And it has also been programmed to transport the loser's mind to the Crossroads of Infinity.
I hope you enjoy your endless trip through the corridors of time and space.
What makes you so sure that I'll be the one who takes it?
Don't DO it, Reed!
Doom has no honor.
He must have already rigged the results.
You wound me, Namor...
As I shall later wound you.
Alas, Richards has no choice...

If he refuses my challenge, his teammates will face immediate execution.
If that's the case, let's stop wasting time.
Agreed--
"--and may the best man win!"
KRAKOOM!!
Hey, Rust Buckets!
Care ta guess what *time* it is?
Plow the road, Ben!
We need to clear a straight path to the main computer.
No, Torch! That computer handles the castle's defenses.
The one we want will be hidden on a lower level.
Lead the way, Kristoff!
Every second counts!

I'll open up a direct path to the next level.
Hurry it up, Johnny!
It's only a matter of time before these Doombots alert their more powerful siblings.
Keep behind me, Sharon!
I still think you should put down that pop gun and find a place ta hide.
I didn't know you still cared, Ben.
I'll be fine, hon. I may have lost my powers, but Sharon Ventura is never helpless.
Castle Doom is under assault.
Immediate assistance is requested.
Microwave beams instantly carry the Doombot's message across the globe--
--and more than three dozen cosmically-powered robots immediately respond.

A few minutes later, at the base of Castle Doom...
Oh, man!
How many Doombots ya think we totaled so far?
I've easily melted a few dozen all by my--hey!
W-where'd the sun go?
LOOK! Up in the sky--!
Somebody must have called for major backup.
W-what do we do now?!
We get our butts to Castle Doom.
That's where those robots are apparently headed--
"--so that must be where the real action is!"
Did I detect a slight wince when the psychic spike bored into your brain?
Afraid not, Victor! You're not the only one who can ignore physical pain.
Bah! You don't even know the meaning of the word.

GRAAKKK!
Uhhh, Sue--?!
We got company.
Already on it, Torch!
How we doing with the fail-safe, Kristoff?
Ahhh...
Since I have been given all Doom's memories and skills, it should only take me a few minutes to activate it.
Make that seconds!
We don't have the luxury of seconds.
What if those tin cans try that psychic backlash thing they pulled on ya earlier?
R-Reed already taught me a defense against it.
Interesting! The machine has opened a gateway to our minds.
I can sense your most intimate thoughts.
A side effect I failed to anticipate.
But I caution you to respect my privacy.

The growing strain is etching itself across your face, Richards.
Why don't you spare yourself needless agony and surrender to the inevitable?
Nothing is inevitable, Victor.

Besides, my odds just got better.
What are you-- *ahhh*, it seems I underestimated your teammates once again.
They have somehow learned of my fail-safe.
A pity, but it will not save you.

From your thoughts, I see that those robots were your ace in the hole.
They were supposed to incinerate me if I started to win.

There's no need for one of us to die, Victor.
Let us end this farce!

Peer deeper, Richards, and you will [redacted] that is not possible.
Once set in motion, the *Infinity Device* cannot be deactivated until it claims a mind.

Even if it is *your* mind?
It's ironic, Victor. Though you truly are the epitome of evil, the deeper I probe your mind--
--the greater my compassion for you.
I am experiencing the reverse--
--as my hatred continues to grow.

I now understand the passions that drove a young peasant to dedicate his life to conquering a world.
And I see the pampered, privileged popinjay who knows nothing of true sacrifice.
You'd be surprised, my friend.
WASHINGTON, D.C....
We have been unable to determine the cause, Mr. President--
--but it appears that Doom's robot army has suffered a planet-wide systems failure.
They are no longer a threat, sir.
I wish we could just melt them for scrap.
But I assume every other nation in the world is already taking them apart, trying to reverse-engineer them.
They're only wasting their time, sir.
Take it from me, Doom's technology cannot be cloned. I know. I've tried.
I'm not exactly sure how the world was saved today, but we can safely assume--

"--we owe a debt to Reed Richards!"
Victor, we must work together.
If we pool our knowledge, we can both walk away.
You may be content with mere survival, but Doom demands triumph.
I won't deliberately take the life of another man--not even a man like you!
I'll find a way to save us both.
Your own compassion will prove your undoing.
That is why you have always been destined to lose and die.
It seems you're going to have company on your trip, Victor.
What are you--No! NO! The world still needs Doom!
KA-DA-KRAMMM!

Barely an instant later...
Heads up, Reed ol'boy! It's time ta--
Reed--?
Reed--?!
W-what's happened to them?
Why aren't they moving?
For the next several minutes, the two frozen figures are thoroughly examined, and then...
I...I don't believe it. The lights are still on, but no one's home.
R-Reed is gone.
Oh, Suzie--he's really gone!
Even though I saw it happen, I'm still not sure if they were too evenly matched--
--or Reed deliberately chose to sacrifice himself in some misguided attempt to save Doom.
Or...or the machine simply couldn't take the strain.
As long as their bodies remain alive, there's always a chance they can return.
In the meantime, it appears their battle will continue--
--through the endless corridors of time and space.

The truth is I was never going to permanently leave the F5.
I can't.
It's my family.
I can't say your dad and I always got along--
--but I swear, I'd give anything to have him back the way he was.
After all the losses we've suffered, what are we supposed to do now?
We do what we've always done.
We suck it up and continue to protect this world because we're--
THE FANTASTIC FIVE!
sigh
I can't wait until we're the Fo.
THE END... FOR NOW!

A
GREEN GIANT
SCAN
LIKE IT?
BUY IT!
DCP